PROLOGVE.

Floriſh.

NEw Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,
Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn,
If they ſtand ſound, and well: And a good Play
(Whoſe modeſt Sceanes bluſh on his marriage day,
And ſhake to looſe his honour) is like hir
That after holy Tye, and firſt nights ſtir
Yet ſtill is Modeſtie, and ſtill retaines
More of the maid to ſight, than Husbands paines;
We pray our Play may be ſo; For I am ſure
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a Poet never went
More famous yet twixt Po and ſilver Trent.
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
There conſtant to Eternity it lives;
If we let fall the Nobleneſſe of this,
And the firſt ſound this child heare, be a hiſſe,
How will it ſhake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, O fan
From me the witles chaffe of ſuch a wrighter (lighter
That blaſtes my Bayes, and my fam'd workes makes
Then Robin Hood? This is the feare we bring;
For to ſay Truth, it were an endleſſe thing,
And too ambitious to aſpire to him;
Weake as we are, and almoſt breathleſſe ſwim
In this deepe water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we ſhall take about,
And ſomething doe to ſave us: You ſhall heare
Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare
Worth two houres travell. To his bones ſweet ſleepe:
Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,
A little dull time from us, we perceave
Our loſſes fall ſo thicke, we muſt needs leave.

Floriſh.

The Two Noble Kinſmen.

Actus Primus.

Enter Hymen *with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a w*
Robe before ſinging, and ſtrewing Flowres: After Hym
a Nimph, encompaſt in her Treſſes, bearing a wheaten G
land. Then Theſeus *betweene two other Nimphs w*
wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then Hipolita *the Br*
lead by Theſeus, *and another holding a Garland over*
head (her Treſſes likewiſe hanging.) After her Emilia
ding up her Traine.

The Song. *Muſik*

ROſes their ſharpe ſpines being gon,
Not royall in their ſmels alone,
But in their hew.
Maiden Pinckes, of odour faint,
Dazies ſmel-leſſe, yet moſt quaint
And ſweet Time true.

Prim-roſe firſt borne, child of Ver;
Merry Spring times Herbinger,
With her bels dimme.
Oxlips, in their Cradles growing,
Mary-golds, on death beds blowing,
Larkes-heeles trymme.